Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediouſneſſe;
But fare thee well, there is a Ducate for thee,
And *Launcelet*, ſoone at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenſo, who is thy new Maſters gueſt,
Give him this Letter, doe it ſecretly,
And ſo farewell: I would not have my Father
See me in talke with thee.

Clowne. Adiew, teares exhibit my tongue, moſt beautifull Pagan, moſt ſweet Iewe; if a Chriſtian doe not play the Knave and get thee, I am much deceived; but adiew, theſe fooliſh drops doe ſomething drowne my manly ſpirit: adiew. *Exit.*

Ieſ. Farewell good *Launcelet*.
Alacke, what heinous ſinne is it in me
To be aſham'd to bee my Fathers child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenſo*,
If thou keepe promiſe I ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a Chriſtian and thy loving wife. *Exit.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenſo, Salaryno, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will ſlinke away in Supper time,
Diſguiſe us at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Grat. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not ſpoke us yet of Torch-bearers.

Salan. Tis vile unleſſe it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not undertooke.

Loren. Tis now but foure of clocke, we have two houres
To furniſh vs; friend *Launcelet* what's the newes.

Enter Launcelet.

Launcelet. And it ſhall pleaſe you to breake up this, it ſhall ſeeme to ſignifie.

Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on
Is the faire hand that writ it. *Grat.* Love, newes in faith.

Launc. By your leave ſir. *Loren.* Whither goeſt thou,

Launc. Marry ſir, to bid my olde Maſter the Iewe to ſup to night with my new Maſter the Chriſtian.

Loren. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Ieſſica*

I will

I will not faile her, ſpeake it
Goe Gentlemen, will you pr
I am provided of a Torch-be
Salar. I marry, Ile be gon
Salan. And ſo will I.
Loren. Meete me and *Gr*
Some houre hence. *Salar*
Grat. Was not that Lette
Loren. I muſt needes tell
How I ſhall take her from h
What gold and jewels ſhe i
What Pages ſute ſhee hath i
If ere the Iewe her Father c
It will be for his gentle daug
And never dare misfortune c
Vnleſſe ſhe doe it under this
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſ
Come goe with me, peruſe
Faire *Ieſſica* ſhall be my Torc

Enter Iewe and his

Iew. Well, thou ſhalt ſe
The diff.rence of old *Shyloc*
What *Ieſſica*, thou ſhalt not
As thou haſt done with me
And ſleepe, and ſnore, and re
Why *Ieſſica* I ſay. *Cl*
Shy. VVho bids thee call
Clow. Your worſhip wa
I could doe nothing withou
Enter
Ieſſica. Call you? what
Shy. I am bid forth to ſu
There are my keyes: but w
I am not bid for love, they
But yet Ile goe in hate, to
The prodigall Chriſtian. *Ie*
Looke to my houſe, I am ri

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